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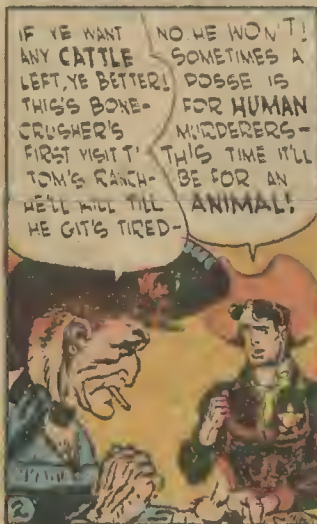
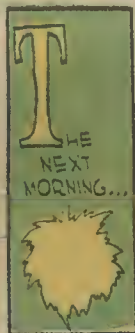
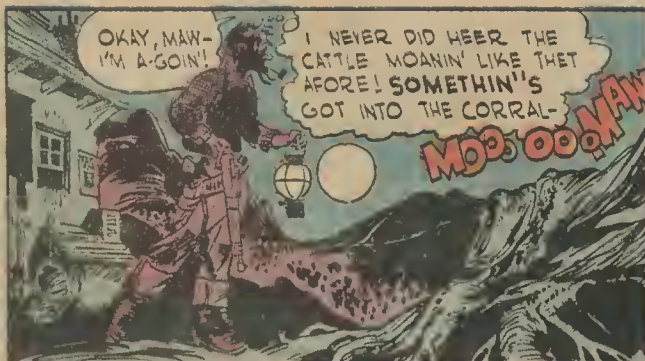
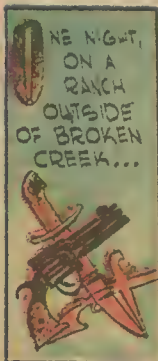
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THE RAN GREATER
TERROR DOWN THE SPINE
OF BROKEN CREEK THAN
BONE-CRUSHER, MAN-
KILLING MOUNTAIN LION! MURDERER OF
HUNDREDS OF CATTLE, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1
OF THE HUMAN COMMUNITY, BONE-CRUSHER
AROUSED THE HATRED OF ALABAM, SHERIFF
OF BROKEN CREEK... BUT WHEN ALABAM
LED OUT A SHOOTING PARTY, THE
UNEXPECTED HAPPENED! A NEW KILLER
BURST INTO VIEW...

"THE HOBNAILED LION!"



AN HOUR LATER---TOM FARNUM
PATROLS THE CORRAL

NOTHIN' THIS SIDE O' TH'
CORRAL---BULL WAS RIGHT---
BONE-CRUSHER WON'T KUM OUT
IN THIS WEATHER. HE-
WAIT! TH' CATTLE'S GITTIN'
RESTLESS---

SUDDENLY, A
ROAR OF
THUNDER---A
FLASH OF LIGHTNING!

M-MEBBE BONE-
CRUSHER HERE--!



EEEEAAAAA!

TOM'S
VOICE,
ALABAM!

I KNOW!
LET'S HOPE
WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE!



IT IS TOO LATE!
BONE-CRUSHER
SURPRISED HIM---
LET'S TAKE HIM
TO TH' HOUSE---

TOM'S SISTER,
FRANCIS'LL
NEAR DIE O
TH' SHOCK,
ALABAM!

LATER---A HALF HOUR LATER...

THERE, THERE, HONEY---IT
WUZ JUST A TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT!-

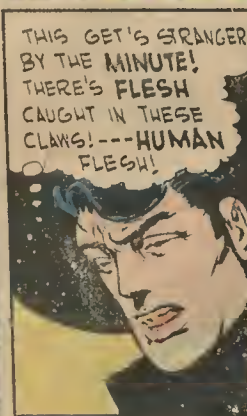
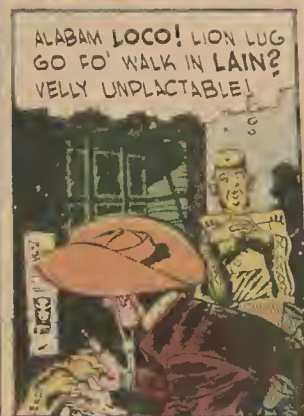
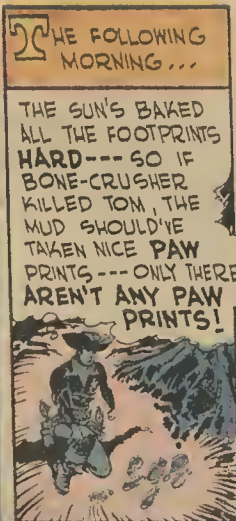
(SOB)-
P-POOR TOM-(SOB)-
MY POOR B-
BROTHER (SOB)-

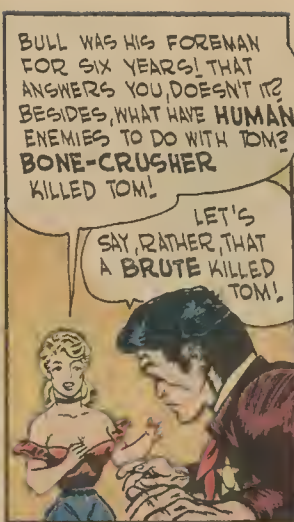
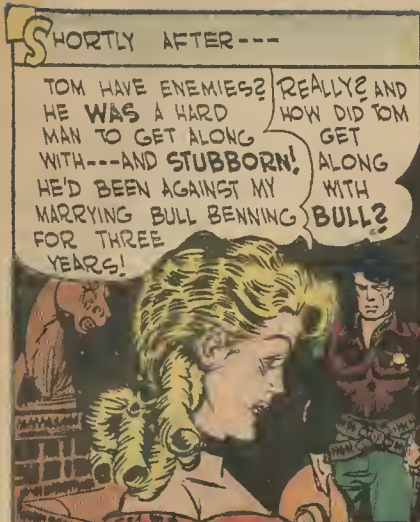
HMMM--



FUNNY... WHAT'S
RUST DOING ON
THOSE TEETH
MARKS?

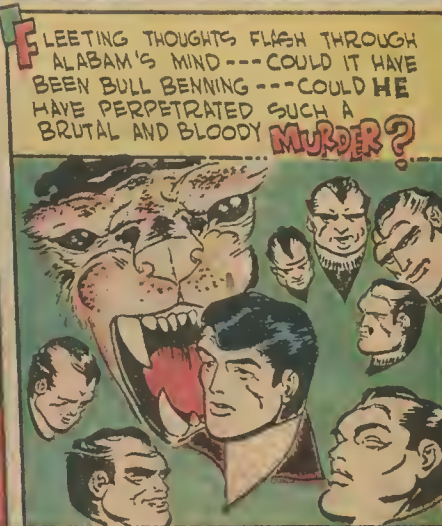
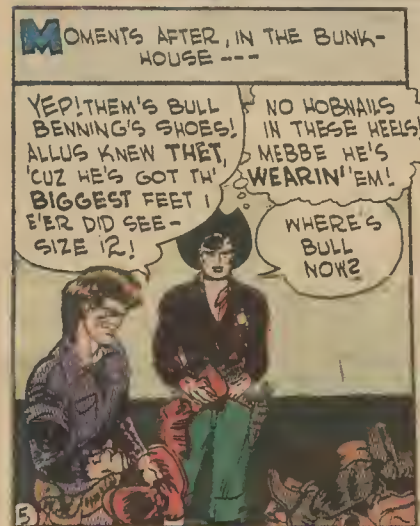
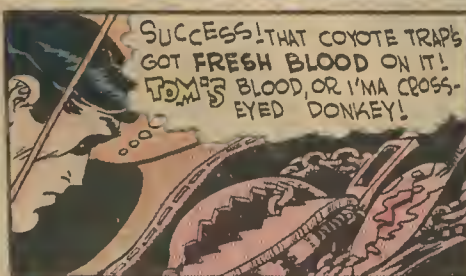






A

QUICK SEARCH, AND---



LATER...THAT NIGHT...BULL BRINGS HIS HORSE TO A HALT BEFORE THE BUNKHOUSE



HE ENTERS AND LIGHTS THE LAMP---



SUDDENLY

GOOD EVENING, BULL!

WHA?



OH-IT'S YOU!THE BOYS TOL' ME YOU WERE LOOKIN' FOR ME, SHERIFF---WHAT'S UP?

JUST WANTED TO SATISFY MY CURIOSITY,BULL---SUPPOSE--



-YOU SIT YOURSELF DOWN SO'S I KIN TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR BOOT?



THREE HOBNAILS IN YOUR HEEL,BULL!I'VE A RIDDLE FOR YOU- EXACTLY WHEN ARE YOU LION AND WHEN ARE YOU BULL?



HE'S WISE TO SOMETHING---IF IT'S A BOOT HE WANTS---

-IT'S A BOOT HE'LL GET!



CRACK

FIVE MINUTES LATER---

I CAN'T ELOPE WITH YOU,BULL! TOM'S ONLY DEAD A DAY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS RUSH- ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

MESBEE I AM!BUT I KNOW ONE THING! I AIN'T GITTIN' WITHOUT YOU!



ARE YOU GONNA COME...OR---



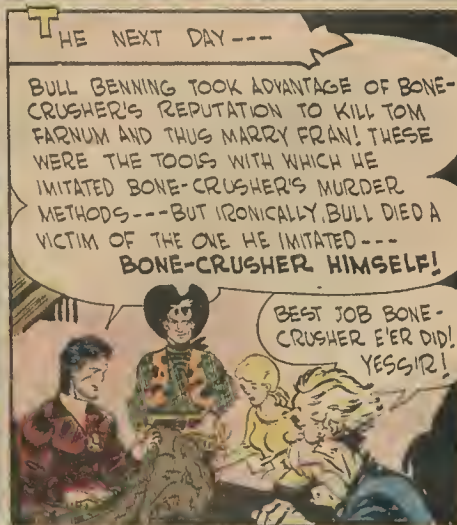
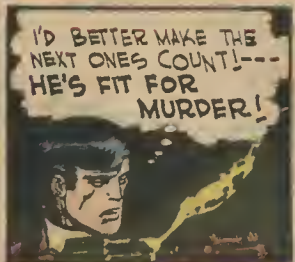
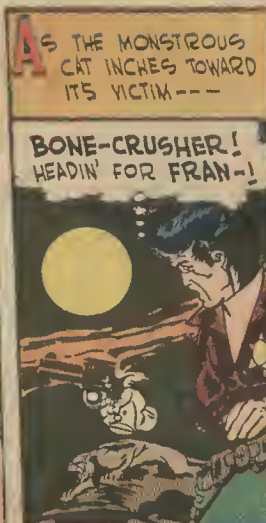
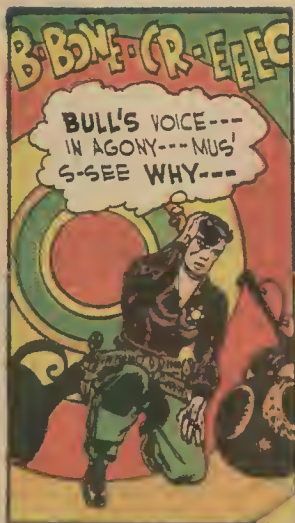
YOU'RE LUCKY I DONT WANT NOBODY HEARIN' SHOTS, ER I'D PUT A BULLET T'YER BRAIN, NOT A GUN BUT!

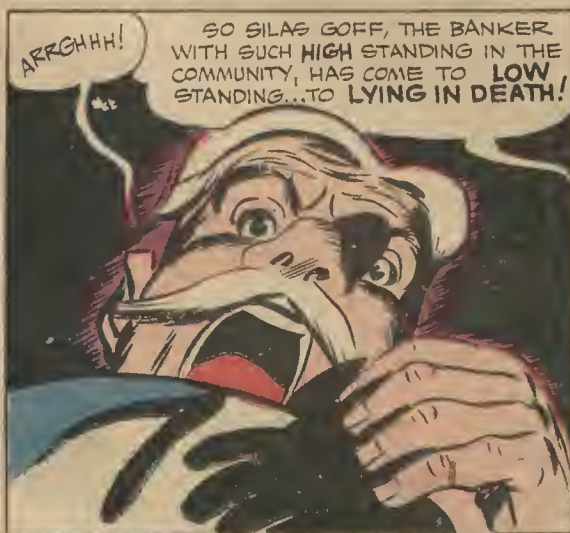


SOMEBODY, I MADE A MISTAKE,BUT I CAN'T STOP T'FIGGER HOT! I'LL JEST PICK UP FRAN AN' RUN FER IT!









IT COULD SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW THAT **ONE** OF YOUR MURDERERS SHOT YOU FOR **MONEY!**



ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE MURDER....

MAYBE YOU'LL BE CURED OF DRINK AFTER **THIS**, CHEROKEE CHARLEY! THE GALLOWS HAS A WAY OF HANDLING VICES **PERMANENTLY!**



SO YOU DID IT FOR **MONEY**, CHARLEY? TSK! TSK! DON'T YOU KNOW **MONEY'S** THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?....



SO LONG, SUCKERS! I'M ON MY WAY TO FRAME THE **SECOND** MURDERER--ONLY I'VE A HUNCH HE WON'T HANG!--

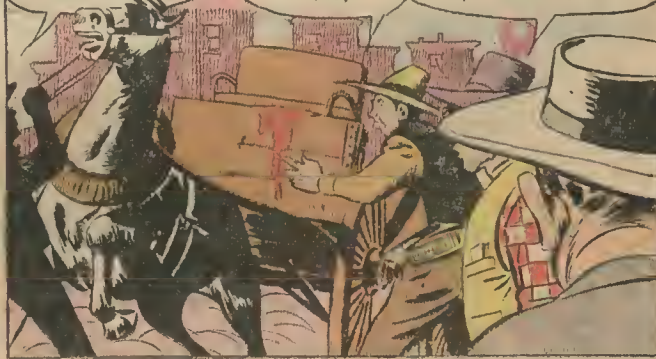


AN HOUR LATER, IN BLANCO'S RUN...

SILAS GOFF'S BUCKBOARD! BUT WHERE'S **SILAS?**

BLOOD! ALL OVER THE BUCKBOARD SEAT!

LET'S GET UP THE ROAD AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO **SILAS!**....



LATER...
GET UP, YOU SMELLY SWINE!--

WE GOT THE KILLER! **CHEROKEE CHARLEY**... DRUNK AS THE DEVIL!

WE OUGHTA STRING HIM UP HERE-- ONLY THE SHERIFF'LL BE SORE!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ...

BUT I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, SHERIFF!--HONEST! LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS ME FALLIN' ASLEEP IN BUCK ROPER'S EDEN BAR!

DRUNK OR SOBER, YOU KILLED SILAS GOFF FOR HIS **MONEY!**... AND WE'RE HANGIN' YOU FOR IT!



ELSEWHERE, AT TOM IVE'S RANCH....

GOOD EVENING, MARILYN!
I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS
TO TELL YOU...
IN PRIVATE....

YOU KNOW HOW I
FEEL ABOUT YOU,
BUCK ROPER! TELL
ME HERE ON THE
PORCH, AND THEN GET
OFF THE GROUNDS!



MAYBE YOU'LL WARM
UP WHEN YOU SEE THIS
JUICY PIECE OF
EVIDENCE AGAINST
YOUR FATHER!

THERE CAN
BE NO
EVIDENCE OF
ANYTHING
AGAINST MY
FATHER! IT SEEMS
TO ME YOU'RE WASTING
MY TIME!....



A LETTER TO SILAS
GOFF IN MY
FATHER'S HAND-
WRITING!..(GASP!)
T-THREATENING TO
KILL SILAS UNLESS
SILAS EXTENDS A
\$ 25,000 LOAN
TO HIM! T-THIS
IS AWFUL--!
WHERE'D YOU
GET THIS PAPER?

ONE OF MY
BOYS
FOUND IT
ON SILAS'
BODY, AND
BROUGHT
IT TO ME.
-LOOKS LIKE
YOUR DAD
SHOT SILAS
AND FRAMED
CHEROKEE
CHARLEY!



NOBODY'D BELIEVE
SUCH A STORY! MY
FATHER HAS THE
FINEST REPUTATION
IN BLANCO'S RUN....

THEN WHY GRAB
FOR THE PAPER--?
NO, MARILYN, THE
SHERIFF'D BE
MIGHTY INTERESTED
IN THIS THREATENING
LETTER--INTERESTED
ENOUGH TO HANG
YOUR DAD!



I THINK I
UNDERSTAND NOW.
WHAT DO YOU WANT
FOR KEEPING THE
LETTER
SECRET?

...NOTHING
MUCH, JUST
YOU!



VERY WELL. I'LL
MARRY YOU. NOW
GET OUT OF MY
SIGHT AND STAY
OUT OF IT, UNTIL
OUR WEDDING!

YOUR WORDS
OF TENDER
LOVE THRILL
ME TO THE HEART,
MARILYN!--LET ME
INFORM YOU OUR WEDDING
ANNOUNCEMENT TAKES
PLACE NEXT SUNDAY!



A FRIEND
OF MINE,
FATHER!

I CAN'T BELIEVE
DAD KILLED
SILAS GOFF.
AND YET...THERE'S
THAT LETTER. I
CAN'T TAKE CHANCES.
...I MUST MARRY
BUCK ROPER!

WHO'S THAT
YOU WERE
TALKING
TO, MARILYN?

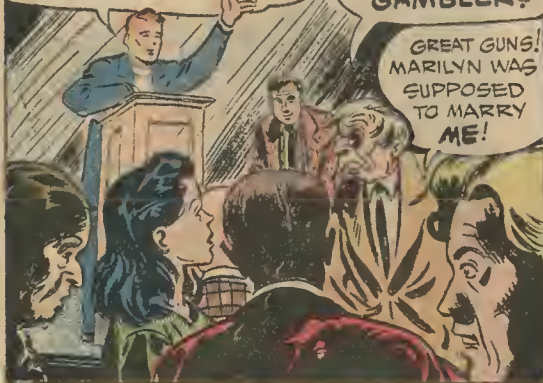


SO NEXT SUNDAY...

AND NOW, I'VE BEEN REQUESTED TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT...OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF MARILYN IVES TO BUCK ROPER!

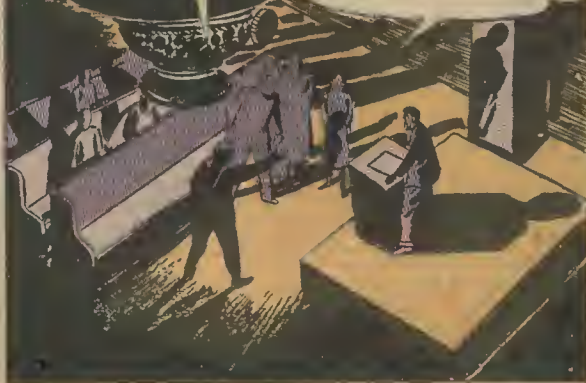
WHAT? MARILYN, ARE YOU MAD? YOU MARRY THAT... T-THAT GAMBLER?

GREAT GUNS! MARILYN WAS SUPPOSED TO MARRY ME!



I WON'T PERMIT YOU TO RUIN YOURSELF! I MUST BRING YOU TO YOUR SENSES!

EVERYONE WILL PAY NO ATTENTION TO MY FATHER. I AM OF AGE. I LOVE BUCK ROPER AND WILL MARRY HIM. THAT IS ALL THAT HAS TO BE SAID!



NO! ONE THING MORE MUST BE SAID!... I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE! YOU ARE NO LONGER A DAUGHTER OF MINE!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, FATHER...THAT'S THE WAY IT WILL BE!

HEH! HEH!



B-BUT, MARILYN... WHAT ABOUT ME?

YOU...GET OUT OF OUR WAY! -SEE?

EVERYTHING'S OVER BETWEEN US, HANK. I'M SORRY.



THERE, THERE, HANK. IT WAS A SHOCK, WASN'T IT?

I DON'T CARE FOR MYSELF, THOUGH I LOVE MARILYN MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!... IT'S MARILYN! SHE USED TO HATE BUCK ROPER!

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! LAST WEEK SHE PROMISED TO MARRY ME...AND NOW...ROPER! REVEREND, PLEASE SEE MARILYN. SOMETHING'S WRONG!

VERY WELL, HANK. I'LL SPEAK TO HER!



A HALF HOUR LATER. .

HELLO, ROPER. I UNDERSTAND YOUR FIANCEE'S TAKEN UP LODGINGS HERE. I'D LIKE A WORD WITH HER

SURE THING, PREACHER GO ON UP AND SPIEL WITH HER! FIRST DOOR TO RIGHT ON SECOND FLOOR

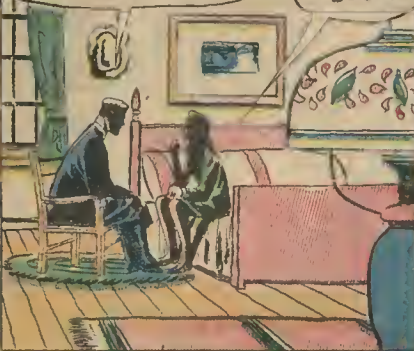


UPSTAIRS...

WHAT'S

BEHIND THIS SUDDEN REVERSAL OF PLANS, MISS IVES? SURELY MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE LIES IN YOUR OVER-NIGHT ENGAGEMENT!

I'VE NOTHING TO SAY, REVEREND! I'M DOING WHAT I THINK BEST!

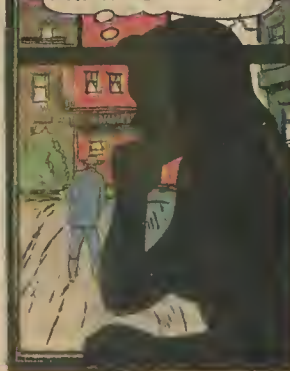


YOU MUST LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE, MISS IVES. BUT ALWAYS CONSIDER WHETHER YOU'RE HURTING SOMEONE ELSE WHO DOESN'T DESERVE TO BE INJURED! GOOD AFTER-NOON!

HURTING SOME-ONE ELSE! WHY, I'D CLEAN FOR-GOTTEN!



THEY'RE GOING TO HANG CHEROKEE CHARLEY FOR SOMETHING HE NEVER DID, BECAUSE HE WAS TOO DRUNK AT THE TIME TO EXPLAIN HOW FATHER FRAMED HIM!



NO MATTER HOW MUCH I LOVE DAD, I CANNOT LET ANOTHER MAN DIE FOR HIS CRIME...

HE'S GONE TO HIS CABIN IN YELLOW RUT CANYON!

WHERE'S MR. ROPER?



LATER... THAT AFTERNOON...

I SAW MARILYN, HANK. I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE. SHE'S MADE UP HER MIND!

I STILL CAN'T HELP FEELING SOMETHING PECU-LIAR'S GOIN' ON....



ONE OF MY BOYS TOLD ME WE SAW MARILYN GALLOPING TOWARD YELLOW RUT CANYON AN HOUR AGO. IF YOU RUN IN TO HER, TALK TO HER AGAIN! REVEREND, PLEASE!

VERY WELL, HANK! IF I MEET UP WITH HER...BYE!

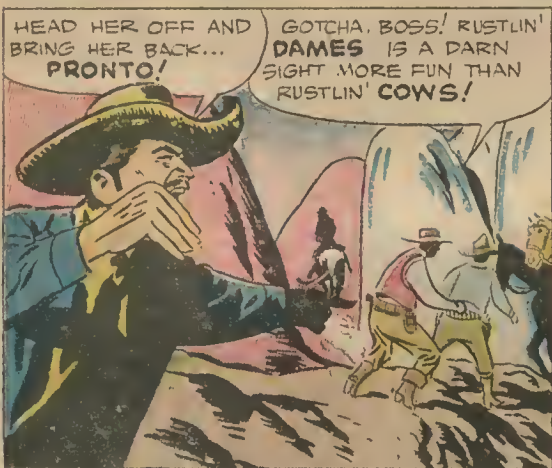
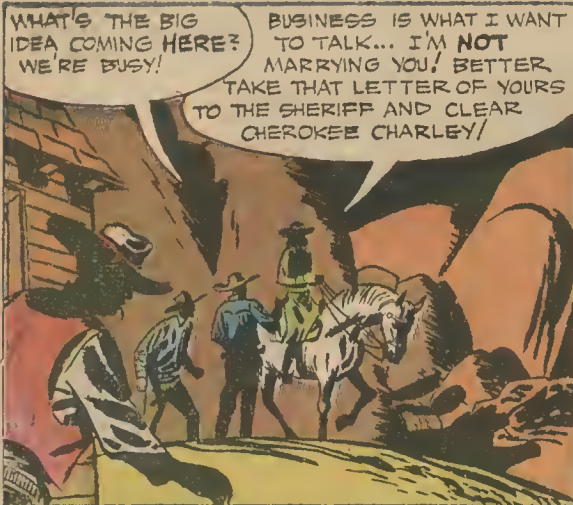


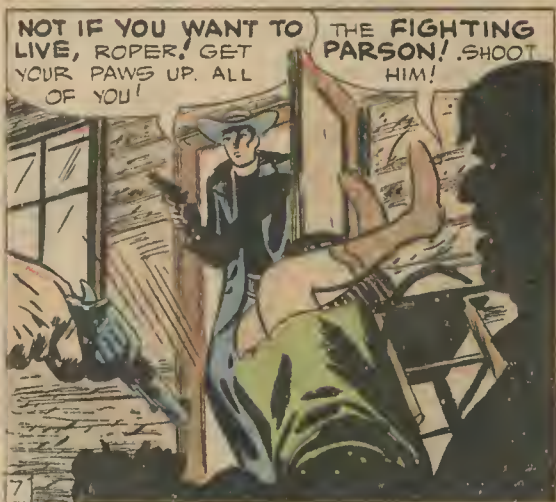
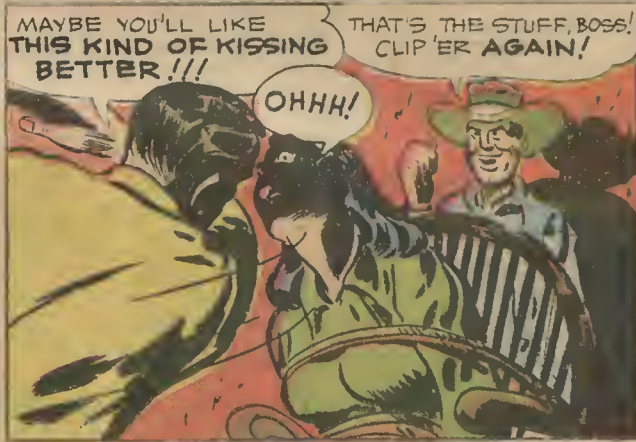
AT YELLOW RUN CANYON...

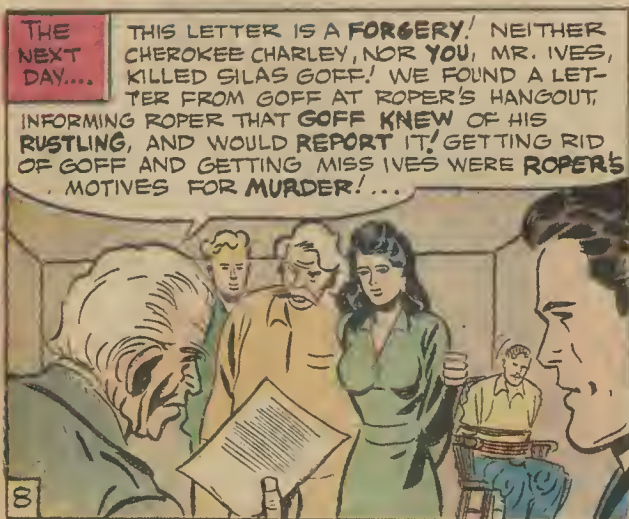
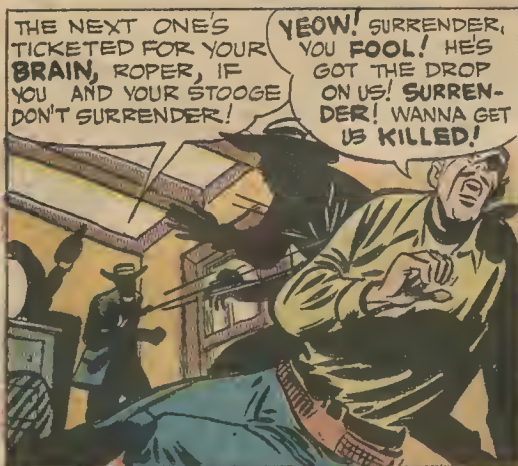
BOSS, BOSS! THAT DAME YOU'RE MARRYIN'S COMIN' UP THE ROAD! LOOK!

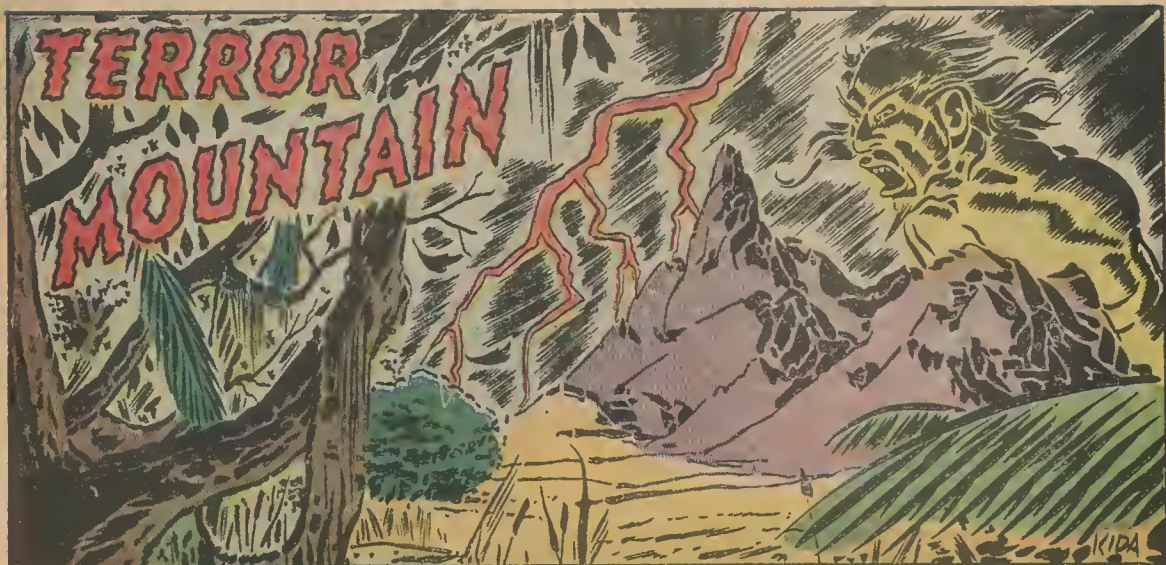
YEAH....SURE ENOUGH, THAT'S HER! WONDER WHAT SHE WANTS?











The entire village knew that a big camp of white men had been pitched in a clearing near a dirt track that crossed the jungle. The head man of the village had sent down three tribesmen to investigate and they had not returned for a week. When they reported to him, they explained their long absence. With scores of other natives, the three scouts had helped clear a wide area.

Once the camp was in order, the place became an uproar of activity. The white men ran around shouting orders, pointing black machines which clicked and purred as natives crouched, ran, climbed, fought, threw spears, and cried. It was all somewhat insane to the headman, but to the little boy who listened on the roof of the palaver house, the story of the scouts seemed to be full of wonder. He hoped very hard that some of these visitors would come to HIS village. He would only be too glad to run and climb for the strangers!

A few days later, the headman's little son, Simu, got his wish. Two white men strolled into the village aiming little boxes. One of the scouts introduced the two white men to the headman. After a hearty handshake, one of the white men took several steps backward and aimed his little black box at the headman. The headman threw up his arms and screamed. The white men threw back their heads and laughed. One white man took a photograph out

of his pack and showed it to the scout, indicating various things on the photo with a wide grin. The scout in turn showed the paper to the headman, but the latter smashed the piece of paper to the ground without looking at it. The two white men stopped smiling, looked at each other in bewilderment, and finally one of them pulled a magazine out of his pack. The title of the magazine was "Things". It was full of pictures. The white man who had tried to photograph the headman offered the magazine to the chieftain. Again, the headman struck down the article. The magazine lay in the dust in front of the palaver house. The two white men exchanged glances. From his vantage point on top of the palaver house, little Simu had observed with saucer eyes the unpleasant incidents.

His father was very angry with the visitors, that was plain to see. Then Simu watched sadly as the white men made a gesture of inquiry at Terror Mountain. They seemed to ask: What was that mountain that rose 5,000 feet from the lush jungle? They were told that the mountain was an evil place and that white men were forbidden to go there. One of the white men pointed to his camera, while the other asked why they were not permitted to go to the mountain . . . was it a *sacred* mountain? Desiring to be rid of these guests whom he now heartily disliked, the chief nodded and shouted threats at the

two white men. All the explanation the white men could get were that no Burmese could be persuaded to go within a mile of Popa, the sacred mountain, and that much horror would befall any man who'd venture upon its slopes.

Instead of looking fearful, Simu noticed that the white men seemed pleased with this information. Simu watched them make deep bows of respect and take their leave. He could not read their lips, but he could read the sparkle in their eyes! These men were going to climb *Terror Mountain*!

When the men had gone, little Simu darted to the ground and snatched up the photograph that lay in the dirt before the palaver house. Simu experienced a shiver of delight to see the image of a leopard on the bit of paper. This was true magic! To make the great leopard so small and so harmless. Simu ran his finger over the brute's mouth and felt no pain! This was, indeed, a very remarkable magic. He felt ashamed that his father had turned away these wonderful white strangers with their magical boxes.

Meanwhile, the two white men made a wide detour of the headman's village and struck out for the sacred mountain.

Hours later the two were toiling up the boulder-strewn slope of the forbidden mountain.

"D-don't see anything-g so w-wonderful about it t-this far," panted the one called Bill.

It wasn't until they reached the top of the mountain that they noticed the earth was alive.

"Great Scott!" Bill exclaimed. The blood left his cheeks. "Look, Joey . . . SNAKES!"

The entire summit was crawling with snakes. Most of the writhing pack were king cobras, but among them Bill could spot plenty of Russell vipers and banded kraits. Bill's companion needed no invitation. In a minute, at least a dozen shots of the nightmare sight were recorded for "Things", the picture magazine. But their happiness was short-lived. Believing that the snakes lay *before* them, they were scared out of a year's growth by a whistling sound and the hard smack of a cobra's fangs on

the stone at their *heels*! Both men whirled, their hair standing up as much as a tropical close crop would allow. Not only was there a roadblock of snakes in front of them, but there were TWO road blocks of snakes *BEHIND* them!

An eternity of waiting seemed to have passed when they heard a piping little voice calling to them from behind the swamp of snakes. It was Simu, the headman's son. He was dancing up, and down and gesticulating toward the heavens.

"The kid's goofy," muttered Bill between clenched teeth. "Let's chance it before the two batches of snakes meet!" Both men made ready to sprint. But Simu was going beserk telling them to keep back. He made such a rumpus that the snakes began to heave and break ranks. Both men recoiled as the snakes began to move in all directions. "He's finished us!" Bill screamed. "His darned yowling's finished us!" He felt like blasting the kid's head off with his .45 when a shock of coldness smote his head.

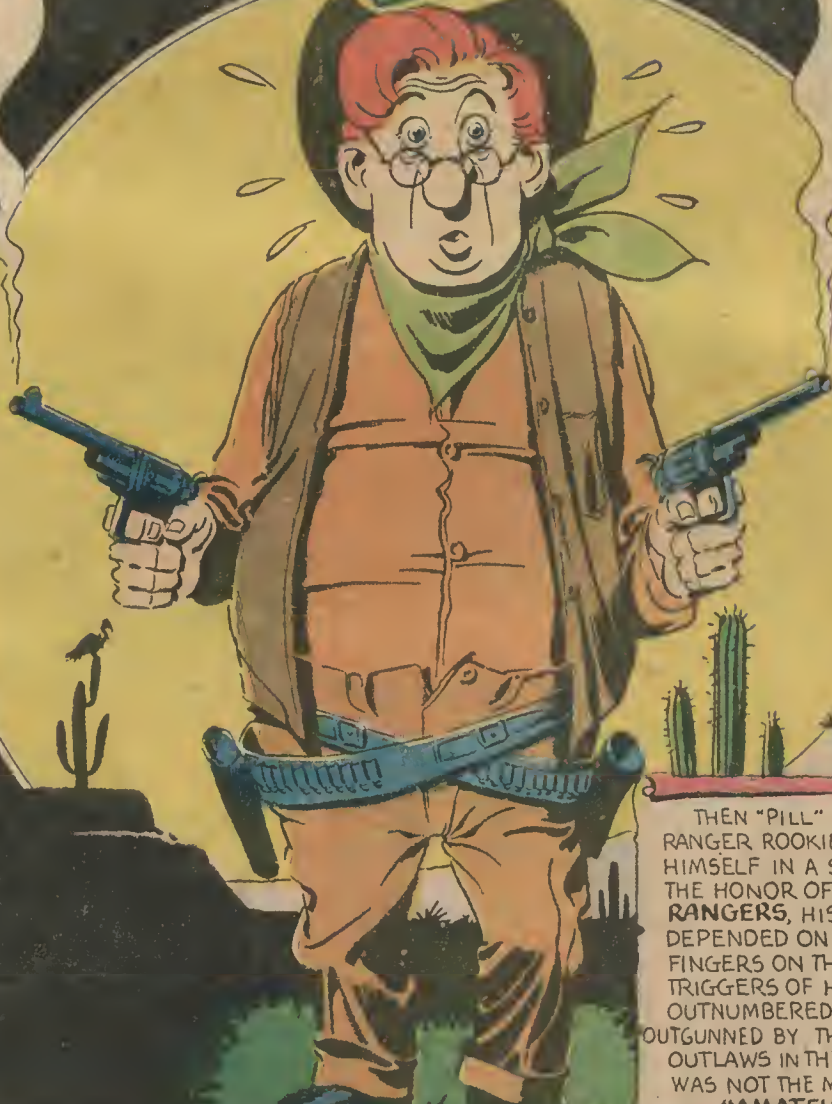
Sheets of Burmese rain slanted ruthlessly down upon the mountain soaking the men to the skin . . . all in a matter of seconds. Through the sudden, driving storm, Bill saw the kid jumping up and down with glee and pointing joyously at the heavens.

A miracle was taking place. As though the rain erased them, the slope became miraculously clear of snakes! They crawled into every hole, under every rock, into the very ground itself . . . as though by divine decree there were no more snakes!

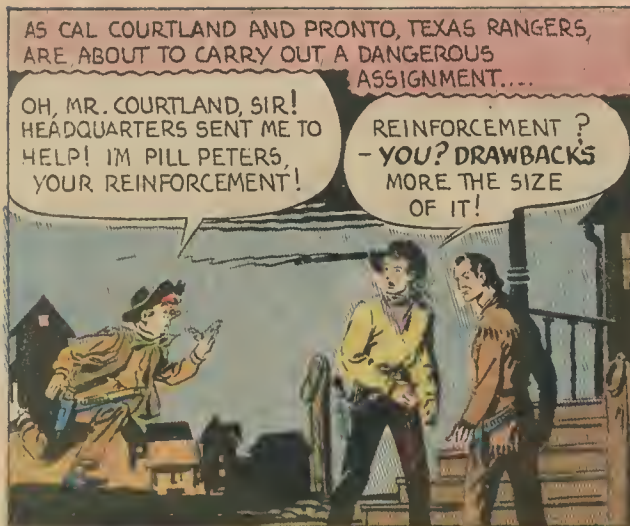
"*That's* what the kid meant when he pointed to the sky!" shouted Bill as they raced toward Simu. "He knew a rainstorm was coming and realized the snakes would get out of the rain . . .

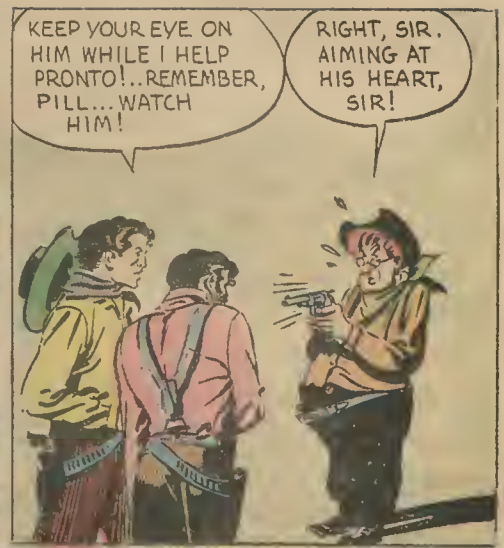
Before the white men left the vicinity, little Simu was given a big party and many presents. But the one he valued most, hung in the palaver house. It was an enormous enlargement of a full figure photograph of Simu. It was so big, Simu began to think of himself thereafter as a giant. And in a sense, Simu was not entirely wrong!

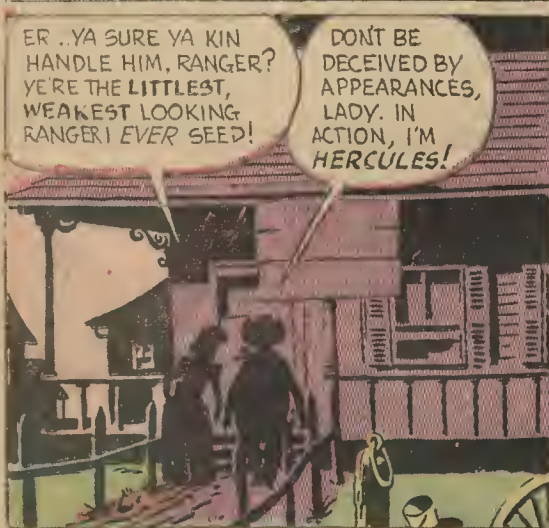
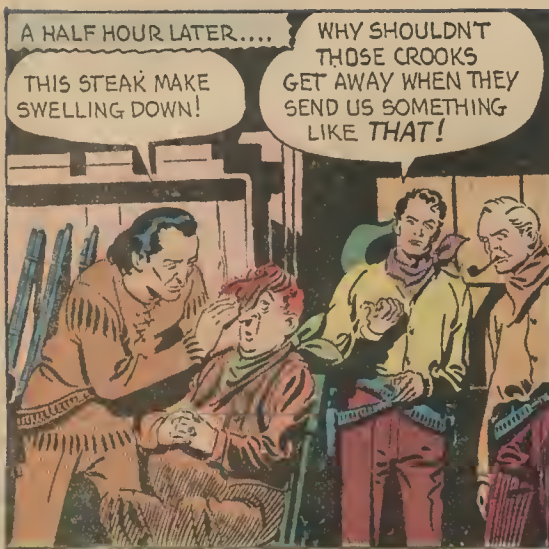
AMATEUR NIGHT

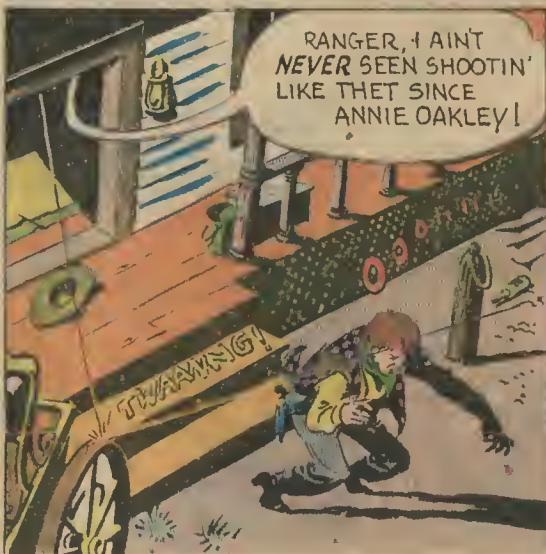


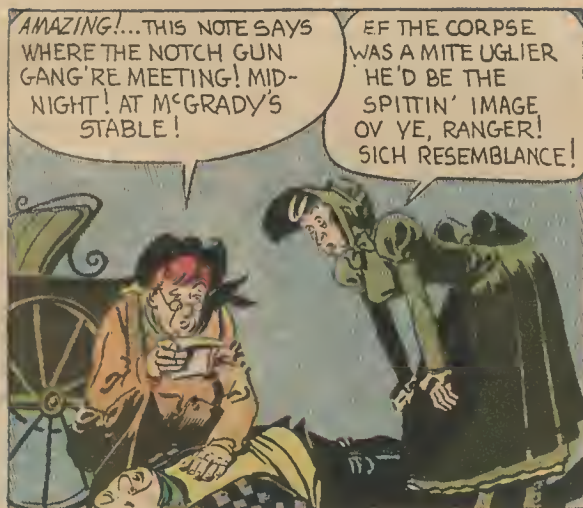
THEN "PILL" PETERS, TEXAS RANGER ROOKIE, FOUND HIMSELF IN A SPOT OF SPOTS! THE HONOR OF THE **TEXAS RANGERS**, HIS VERY LIFE, DEPENDED ON TWO TIMID FINGERS ON THE COLD STEEL TRIGGERS OF HIS SIX-SHOOTERS. OUTNUMBERED, OUTWEIGHED, OUTGUNNED BY THE TOUGHEST OUTLAWS IN THE WEST, THIS WAS NOT THE MOMENT FOR "AMATEUR NIGHT."











AMAZING!...THIS NOTE SAYS WHERE THE NOTCH GUN GANG'RE MEETING! MID-NIGHT! AT McGRADY'S STABLE!

EF THE CORPSE WAS A MITE UGLIER HE'D BE THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OV YE, RANGER! SICH RESEMBLANCE!



WE **DO** LOOK ALIKE, DON'T WE? **SAY!** WHY DON'T I GO TO THE MEETING DISGUISED AS **BEANIE BANTON!**



HOW PROUD THE RANGERS'LL BE WHEN I ROUND UP THE NOTCH-GUN GANG SINGLE-HANDED!...EGAD....I MUST MAKE UP!



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS

WE KNOW THE GANG'S MEETING IN TOWN TONIGHT...BUT WHERE? WHAT'RE THEY AFTER THIS TIME?

WHERE'S PILL?



THAT'S THE LIMIT! THAT LITTLE SQUIRT CAN'T EVEN SIT STILL!

WHERE'S YORE RANGER-HEAD? A RANGERS BEIN' KILT THIS MINUTE!



I'M IN CHARGE, LADY! WHAT RANGER'S BEING KILLED?

A COCKROACH WHO CAN'T SHOOT THE SIDE OF A BARN AT **ONE FOOT!** AN' HE'S ROUNDIN' UP THE NOTCHGUN GANG SINGLEHANDED!



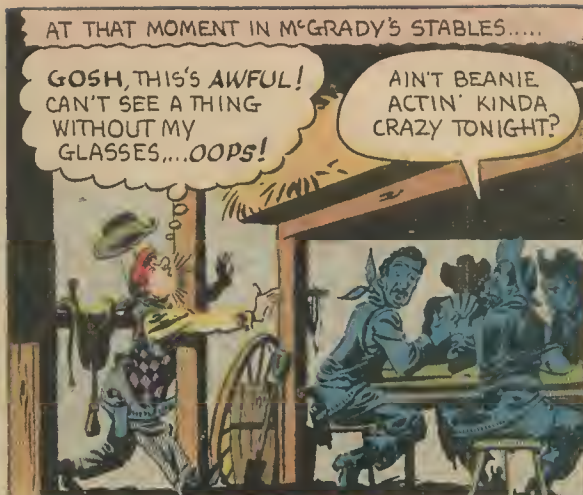
ONLY ONE MAN'S LOCO ENOUGH TO DO THAT! ... PILL PETERS!



THE GANG'S MEETING
AT M'GRADY'S STABLES
AT MIDNIGHT! BUT IT'S
PAST MIDNIGHT
NOW!

THE HALF-
PINT'S GOOD
AS DAID!
AIN'T EVEN
GOT HIS GLASSES
ON.

BRRRTT!

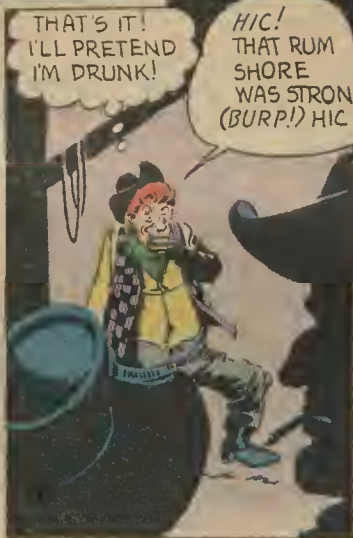


GOSH, THIS'S AWFUL!
CAN'T SEE A THING
WITHOUT MY
GLASSES,...OOPS!

AIN'T BEANIE
ACTIN' KINDA
CRAZY TONIGHT?



WHAT'S GOT INTA
BEANIE? HE'S FALLIN'
OVER HISSELF! -
MAYBE HE'S
DRUNK?



THAT'S IT!
I'LL PRETEND
I'M DRUNK!

HIC!
THAT RUM
SHORE
WAS STRONG!
(BURP!) HIC..



ALL RIGHT, BOYS!...
REGARDIN' THAT BANK
JOB TOMORROW...

HIC!...
LEMME SEE...
WHERE'D I PUT
MY BOTTLE?...
HIC....



OOPS!



VEEOWW!

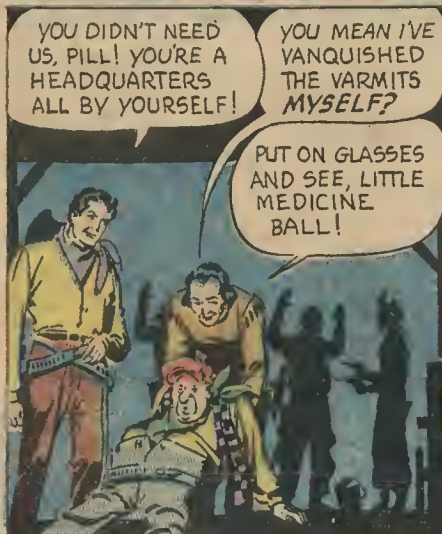
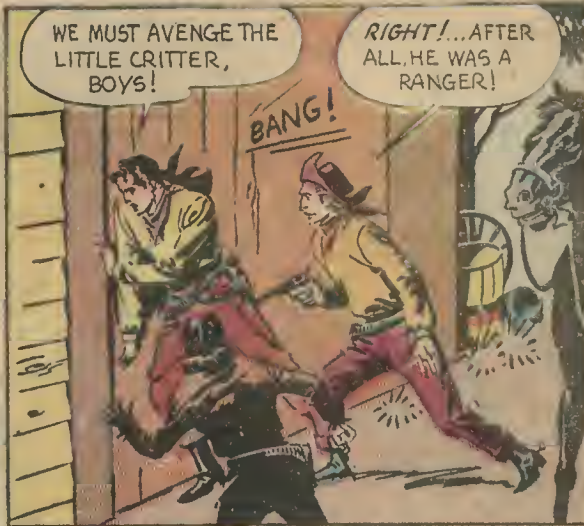
CRUNCH!



THAT BLACK
EYE!

GULP





Boots BRADLEY

BY TEX DIXON

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO SUNBURST VALLEY... A SCHOOL TEACHER! THERE'S PLENTY TO TEACH, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO LEARNIN', YIPPIE! JUST RIDE WITH OUR ROOTIN', SHOOTIN' CACTUS BEAUTY, BOOTS BRADLEY AND GET TO KNOW THE ROPES!



WAAL, BOOTS... GUESS I'M NOT LONG FER THIS WORLD NOW. WENT TO TOWN TO TAKE A GLIMMER AT THE NEW SCHOOL TEACHER AN' NOW I'VE SEEN EVERY-THING!

WHAT'D YOU SEE, KANSAS?



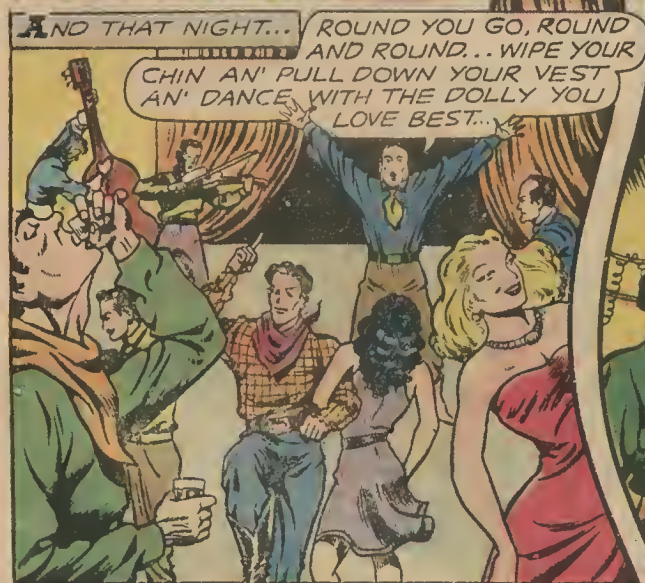
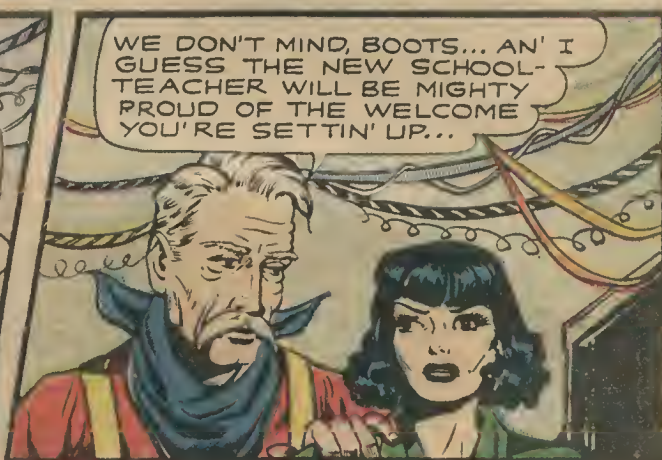
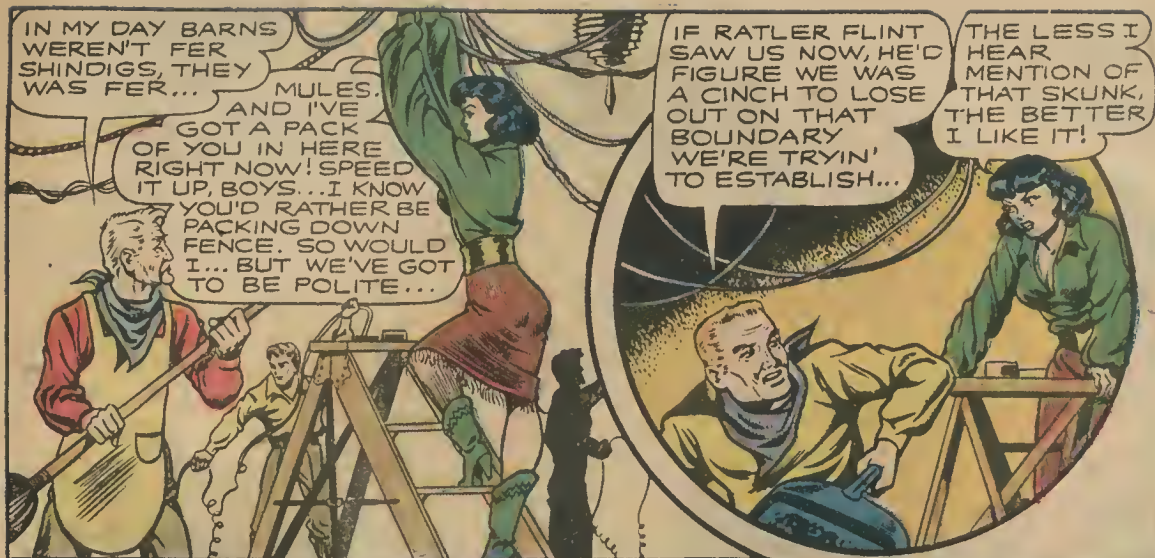
SAW THE SCHOOL TEACHER... WHATCHA EXPECT?

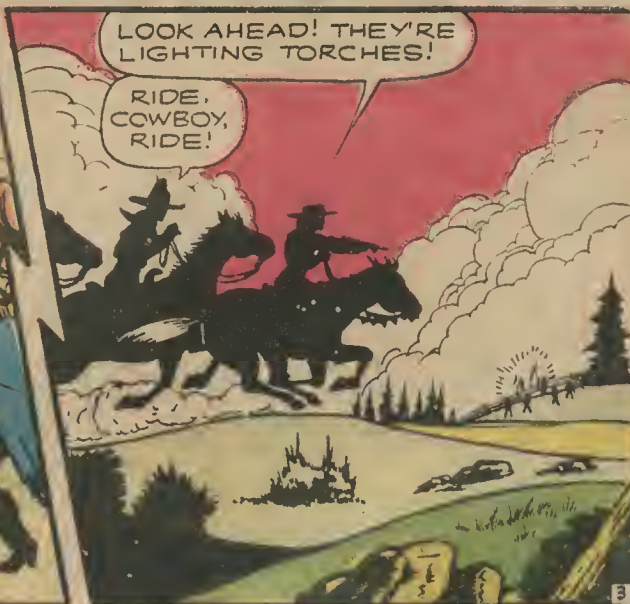
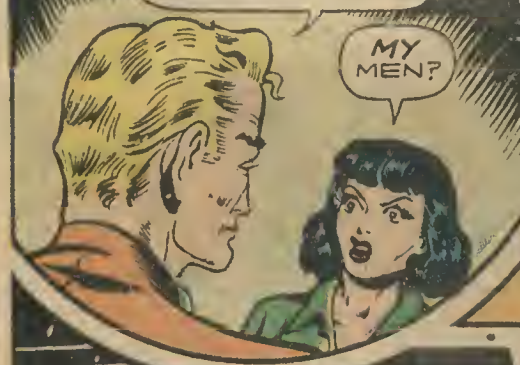
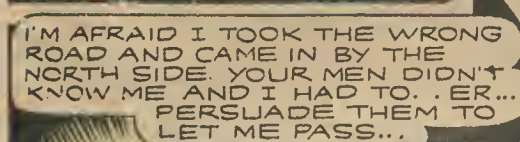
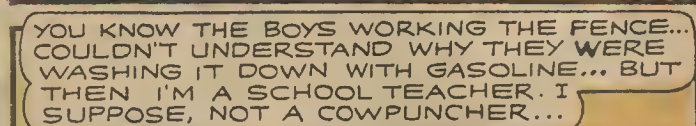
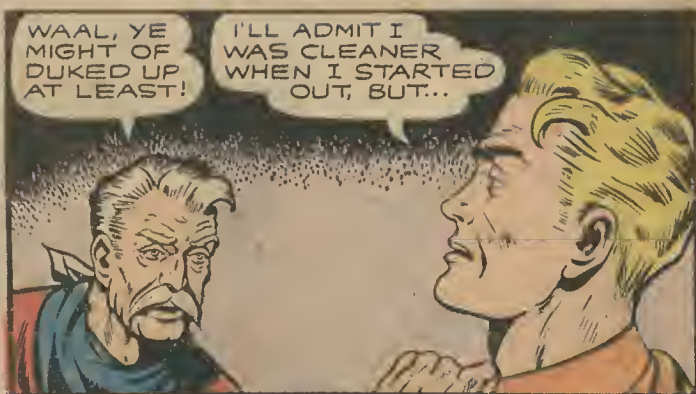


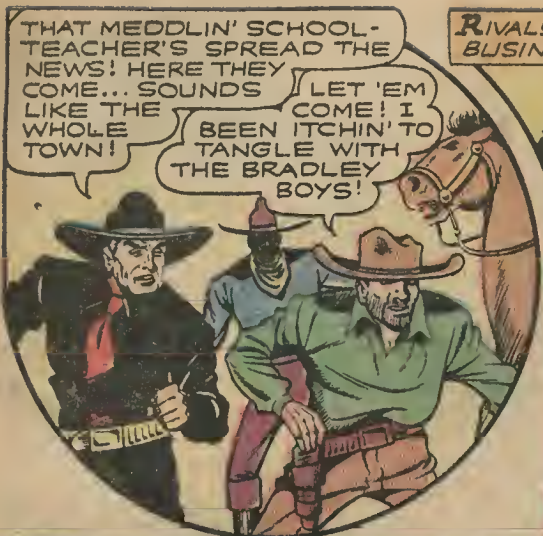
CUSS! AS THE ONLY WOMAN RANCH OWNER IN SUNBURST VALLEY, THAT MEANS I'LL BE OBLIGED TO ENTERTAIN... THAT'LL PUT OFF WORK ON THE NORTH FENCE, AND UNTIL THAT BOUNDARY IS ESTABLISHED, RATTLER FLINT WILL CONTINUE TO GRAZE HIS CATTLE IN OUR LAND... CUSS! WISH I WAS A MAN, KANSAS...

YE WOULDN'T MAKE A LIKELY LOOKIN' ONE, BOOTS...





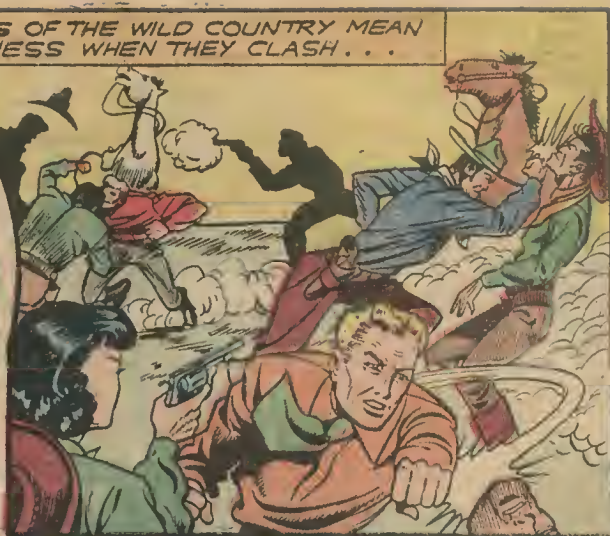




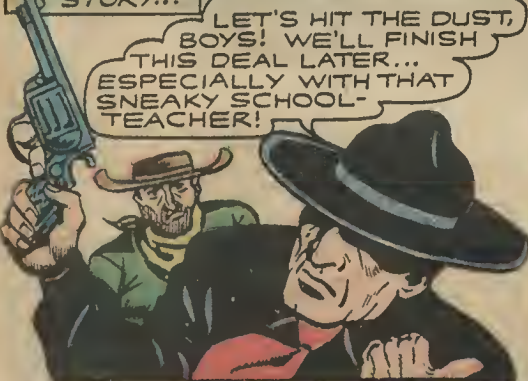
THAT MEEDLIN' SCHOOL-TEACHER'S SPREAD THE NEWS! HERE THEY COME... SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN!

LET 'EM COME! I BEEN ITCHIN' TO TANGLE WITH THE BRADLEY BOYS!

RIVALS OF THE WILD COUNTRY MEAN BUSINESS WHEN THEY CLASH...



BUT WHEN A MAN LIKE RATLER IS OUTNUMBERED, THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY...



LET'S HIT THE DUST, BOYS! WE'LL FINISH THIS DEAL LATER... ESPECIALLY WITH THAT SNEAKY SCHOOL-TEACHER!

SOON THE SCENE OF BATTLE TURNS INTO A POINT OF INVESTIGATION AND THANKS-GIVING...



BLAST 'EM! BUT WE SAVED THE FENCE...

THANKS, STRANGER. YOU DID ME A BIG FAVOR...

WILSON'S THE NAME, MISS BOOTS... SORRY THE EVENING TURNED OUT LIKE THIS... YOU PLANNED SUCH A SWELL PARTY...

WE'LL TRY AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT. BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO RIDE WITH MY MEN AND SETTLE THE CATTLE DOWN...

I HOPE TO BE SEEING MORE OF YOU, MISS BOOTS...



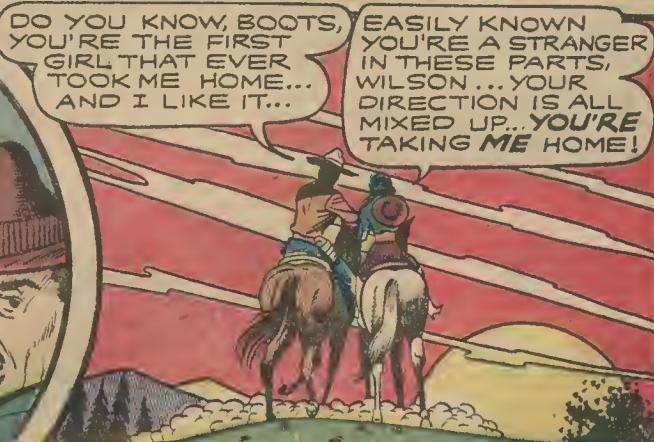
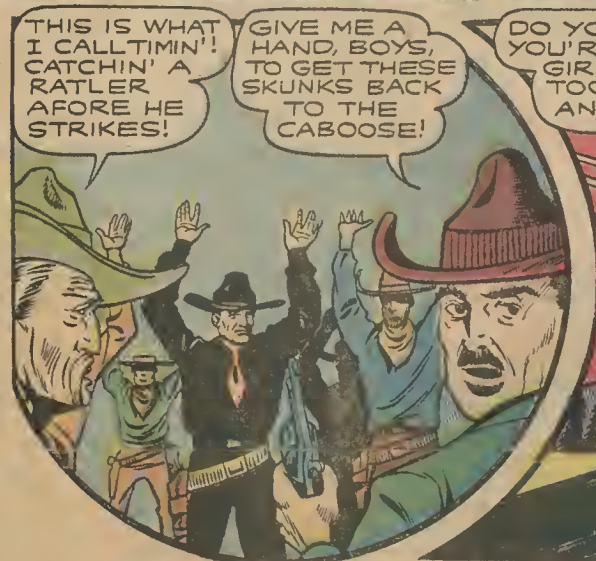
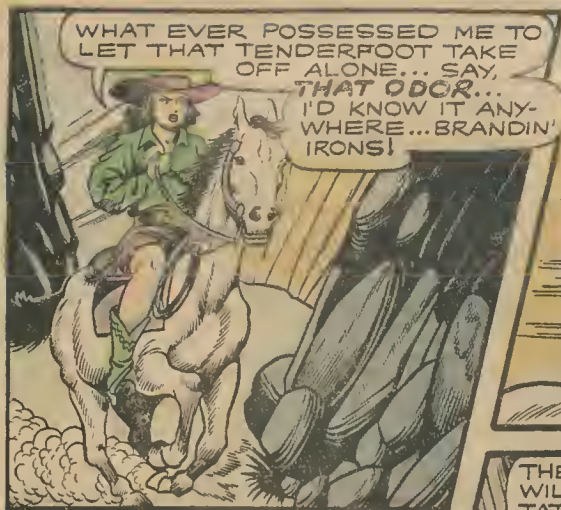
NICE BOY... BUT HE'S MADE A BAD ENEMY IN RATLER FLINT.

MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE ESCORTED HIM... THAT RATLER WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING IF HE'S GOT A GRIPE...



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME STANDIN' AROUND LIKE THIS? WILSON'S IN DANGER, I FEEL IT... I'M GOING TO CATCH UP WITH HIM... YOU AND THE BOYS GET THE SHERIFF, KANSAS... WE'LL SEE THAT RATLER IS PICKED UP ONCE AND FOR ALL!





The End

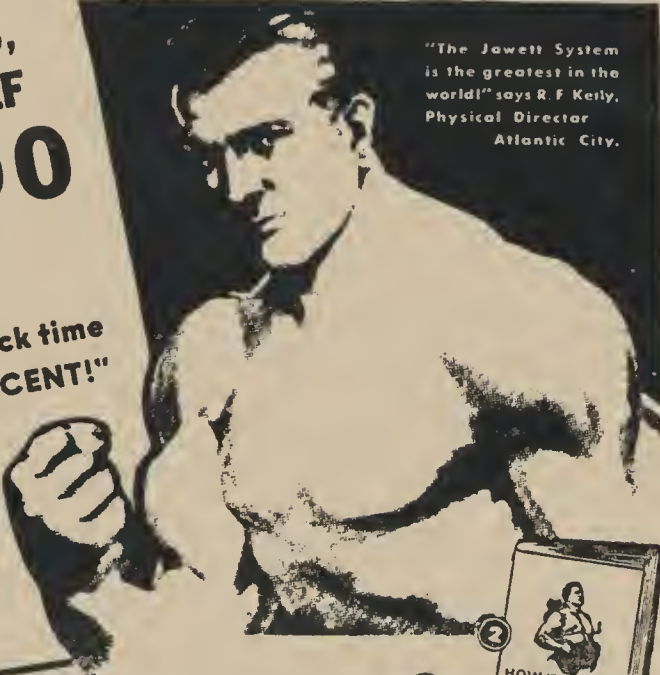
WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
**COMMANDO
-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

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|--|---|
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Beautifully Engraved with
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YOU GET THIS!
Smart looking, beautifully
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which carries your full name,
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MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

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CITY _____ STATE _____

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